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## HYMN TO THE CREATOR ;

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

GOD! how richly art thou painted in  
these vast heavens,  
Thou whose traces we see every where !  
How is it that thou hidest thyself from  
our eyes,  
But thou fillest the whole extent.  
Man whom thou hast endowed with a part  
of thyself,  
How can he cease praising thee, in thy  
works.  
The sun is but an atom in comparison of  
thee,  
Thou guidest the stars by immutable  
laws ;  
But we see but thy shadow in contem-  
plating the heavens ;  
It is in the heart alone thou art really  
found ;  
Render the misuse of this heart worthy  
of thyself ;  
My song is incapable of grasping that  
which is extreme ;  
I quit the attempt, *I quit the theme.*

R.S.

## ON THE MUSE.

GREAT sources of pleasure the Muse can  
unfold,  
Which can neither be purchased with  
silver or gold.  
Her demesne is immense ; no bounds can  
contain  
The space over which the sweet muse  
holds her reign.  
She has woods, she has lawns, rich vallies  
and mountains,  
She has serpentine rivers, lakes, and cool  
fountains.  
Unlike the *cross farmers* who always com-  
plain,  
Dry weather delights her as well as the  
rain.  
When the lightning gleams bright, and  
loud roars the thunder,  
She feels her heart beat with delight and  
with wonder.  
When the dark clouds retire, and the sun-  
shine appears,  
And nature looks smiling so soft through  
her tears ;  
Then the green earth all glittering so fresh  
and so bright,  
Fills the muse with emotion, and gentlest  
delight.  
Or e'en in dull days when the sky is be-  
clouded,  
She blesses the being whose glories are  
shrouded,  
From the weak eyes of mortals who could  
not endure,  
Long time to be dazzled with brilliance so  
pure.

E.

## SONNET TO HOPE.

HAIL lovely Hope ! with sweet delusive  
smile,  
Still dost thou say that soon my cares  
shall end ;  
And though thou cheat me with deceitful  
wile  
I'll love thee still ; thou art my only  
friend.  
Bereft of thee, ah ! whither should I bend  
My weary way ; to what sequestered  
isle ;  
Bereft of thee, where should I find a  
friend,  
The tedious hours of sorrow to beguile.  
Never sweet Hope withdraw thy cheering  
ray,  
But soothe with gentle voice my drooping  
heart ;  
Thy soft illusions to my breast impart,  
And from thy suppliant drive despair a-  
way ;  
My woe-worn soul on thee shall ever stay  
For thou canst blunt Affliction's keenest  
dart.

E.C

## THE SUMMERHOUSE.

WHOE'ER admires the gilded dome,  
The crowded street, the pageant view,  
For pleasure need not hither come ;  
This summerhouse, tis not for you.  
But come, you swains, whose taste refin'd  
Can nature's beauties still admire,  
And if you're not to nature blind,  
Sure nature here your breasts will fire.  
No cornices these walls beight,  
No paintings, gildings, here are found,  
The walls bedecked with simplest white,  
The roof with humblest thatch is crown'd.  
Where'er you turn your longing eyes,  
Unnumbered beauties meet your view,  
The distant landscapes here arise,  
The nearer scenes give pleasure too.  
There, wood and water, hill and vale,  
In sweet confusion seem to lie ;  
And all their blended beauties tell,  
Here reigns beloved variety.  
The garden though 'tis dressed with art,  
Will sure your breasts with pleasure fill,  
Though taste shines forth in every part,  
Nature though deck'd is nature still.  
The gaudy may with jewels shine,  
The diamond may their dress adorn,  
I envy not the Indian mine,  
Give me the rose, the scented thorn.  
Give me yon polyanthus gay,  
That sheds its odours all around,  
Compared to yon sweet smelling pea,  
The scents of India dead are found.

Hark to the music of yon thrush,  
View yonder lark his pinions rise,  
One warbles sweetly in the bush,  
The other melodies the skies.  
These are the pleasures of those plains,  
These are the joys possess the fields,  
Come, contemplate these various scenes,  
This summerhouse that pleasure yields.

## ANSWER.

The Hamadryads kindly greet  
The Muse who sings so passing sweet  
The fragrance of their bowers,  
And when their infant arbores grow,  
Design a garland for her brow,  
Enrich'd with fairest flowers.

A.S.

## TO FLATULENTA.

How blest the Mariner must be,  
Who favour'd lovely Nymph by thee,  
Should find you ever kind;  
'Tho' he from pole to pole should steer,  
Hence'er would want, while you were near,  
A favourable wind.

For, as Ulysses in a sack  
The winds most knowingly did pack,  
To have a gale at hand;

So, pent within thy lovely form,  
Just at his wish, a breeze or storm,  
He always could command.  
Ah! Zephyr, too, too boastful boy,  
Can't you in silence bliss enjoy,  
And let our envy cease;  
What, tho' your moments joyous roll on,  
Need you make Hum and Colon,  
So loud your brags to raise?

What tho' you rule each inmost part,  
And you alone have touched her heart,  
At least you might be modest;  
Or, if your bliss you must declare,  
Of all the sounds that strike the ear,  
Why should you chuse the oddest?

Cupid has well repaid your care,  
In bearing Psyche through the air,  
Up to his realms above;  
For you he has touched that heart of stone,  
And made those bowels all your own,  
Which pity ne'er could move.

But proudly puff'd up gull beware,  
'Tho' of a god you're now the care,  
Zephyrus is deceitful,  
The Deity may prove unkind,  
Fly away and leave you behind,  
Excessively ungrateful.

NEM—S.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR Graeter, of Halle, the Apollodorus of northern mythology, is publishing a splendid work on this subject in eight numbers, each to contain six engravings of the largest folio size, on which the first artists are employed. The first number appeared at the last Easter fair. The subjects were: 1. The twelve Walkyres, as they are coming out of their grotto, and mounting on horseback to proceed, six to the south, and six to the north; 2. Walhalla, the habitation of Warriors, that have fallen in battle; 3. Freya, the goddess of love and conjugal fidelity, wandering in the deserts, shedding tears, and seeking her husband; 4. Niord, the god of navigation, and Skaden, the goddess of hunting, on the sea-shore; 5. Gefione, the goddess of virgin modesty, receiving the souls of virgins in her celestial palace; 6. The nymphs of the goddess Hertha, carrying their mistress on their hands. The price

of each number is to nonsubscribers six guineas, to subscribers who pay on delivery four, and to those who pay in advance three. A number is to be published every six months.

Doctor Langsdorf, who sailed round the world with captain Krusenstern, was to set off from Orenburg, in August last, with a caravan, intended to visit the interior of Asia. He had previously prepared for the press, general observations on the countries and people he had visited, including every thing relative to natural history. An account of the voyage itself merely was to be given in a separate work by captain Krusenstern.

The first part of the annals of the *Wetteravian Society of Natural History*, founded at Hanau in 1808, has just appeared. The Society already counts above three hundred members, at home and abroad. It is a law of the society, that each member shall furnish it with an account of his